12-58

LAW BREAKERS

10¢ NO 10

SUSPENSE STORIES

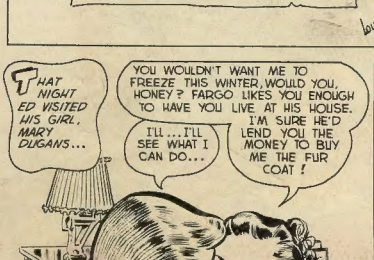
LAW BREAKERS

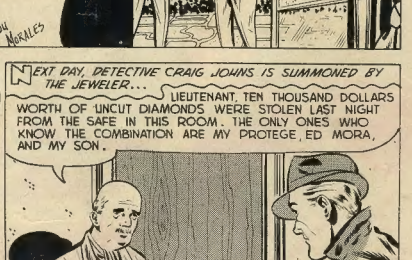
SUSPENSE STORY

SIX YEARS AGO IN DETROIT, ED MORA OVERHEARD HIS BOSS, JEWELER ALVIN FARGO ARGUE WITH HIS SON MELS...

YOU KNOW I NEED $10,000 TO GET MY BUSINESS OUT OF THE RED, DAD, AND I INTEND TO GET IT!
NOT FROM ME, YOU WON'T! I KNOW YOU'LL JUST GAMBLE IT AWAY...

LOU MORALES


THAT NIGHT ED VISITED HIS GIRL, MARY DUGANS...
YOU WOULDN'T WANT ME TO FREEZE THIS WINTER, WOULD YOU, HONEY? FARGO LIKES YOU ENOUGH TO HAVE YOU LIVE AT HIS HOUSE.
I'LL...I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...
I'M SURE HE'D LEND YOU THE MONEY TO BUY ME THE FUR COAT!


NEXT DAY, DETECTIVE CRAIG JOHNS IS SUMMONED BY THE JEWELER...
LIEUTENANT, TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF UNCUT DIAMONDS WERE STOLEN LAST NIGHT FROM THE SAFE IN THIS ROOM. THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE COMBINATION ARE MY PROTEGE, ED MORA, AND MY SON.

HMM... NO FINGER-PRINTS ANY-WHERE...
BAH! YOU ALWAYS NEED MONEY FOR THAT GIRL OF YOURS! ADMIT YOU DID IT, ED!
YEAH? WELL I KNOW YOU STOLE THE DIAMONDS BECAUSE I SAW YOU THROUGH THE KEYHOLE! HE'S YOUR MAN, LIEUTENANT!

LIEUTENANT JOHNS ARRESTED ED MORA. SINCE THERE WAS NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR THE DETECTIVE KNEW ED WAS LYING. AFTER LENGTHY QUESTIONING ED MORA CONFESSED AND WAS SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS.

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Alfred V. Fago, Editor

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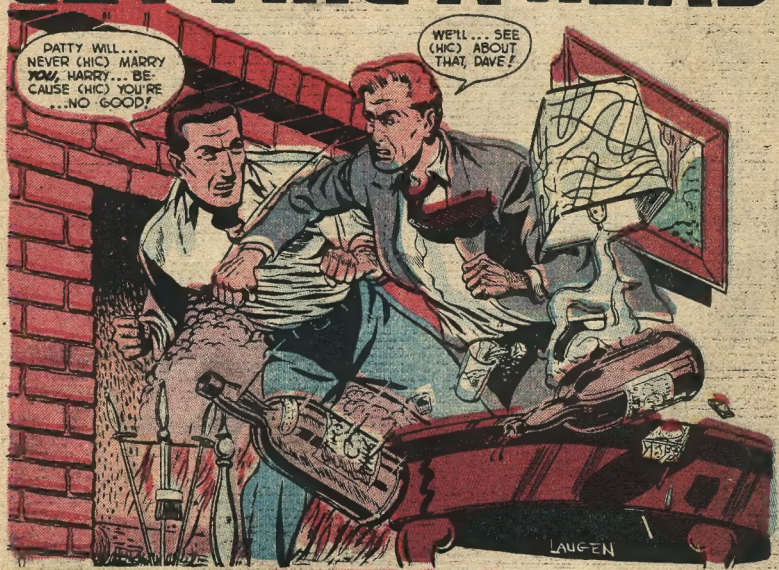
HERE, DEAR READER, IS A SINISTER SWITCH ON THE OLD TRIANGLE PROBLEM. THIS ONE IS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT THOUGH, IN THAT BOTH MEN BECAME A BIT OVER-INDULGENT AND ONE JUST **COMPLETELY** LOST HIS HEAD! BUT EVEN SO, HARRY COLLINS KNEW HE WOULD MARRY THE GIRL BECAUSE HARRY WAS HANDSOME, SMART AND STRONG... AND **NOTHING** COULD KEEP HIM FROM...

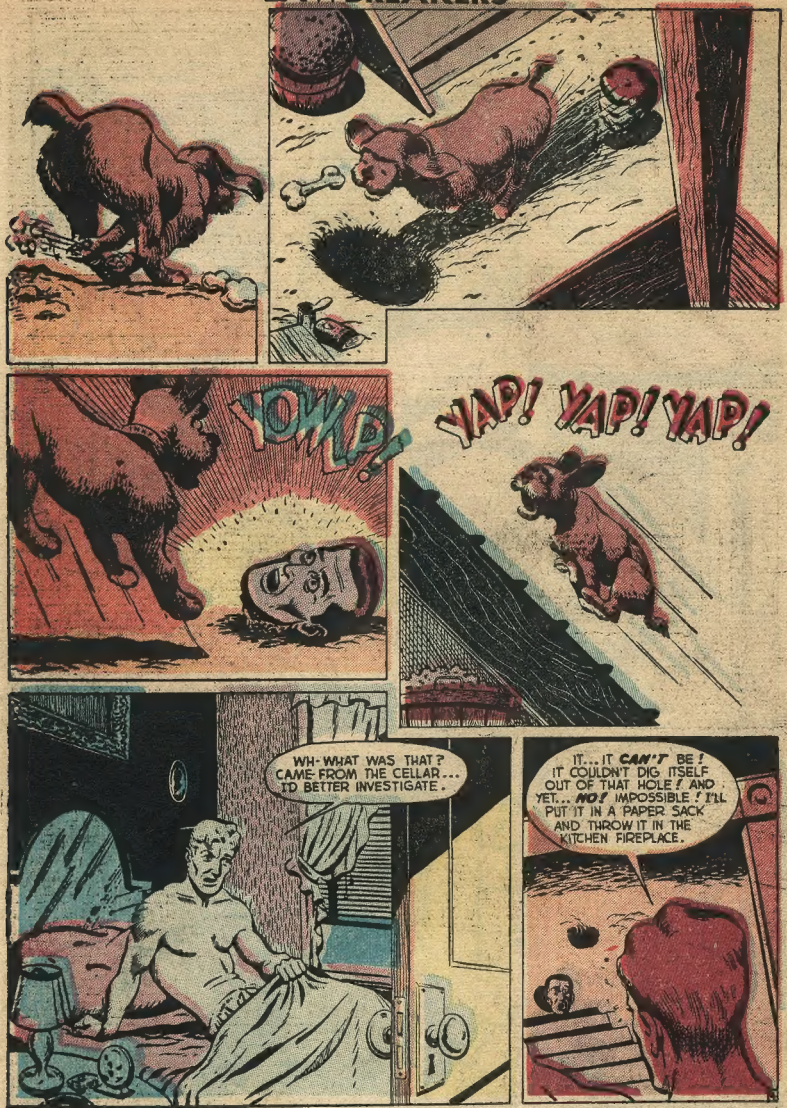
GETTING A-HEAD

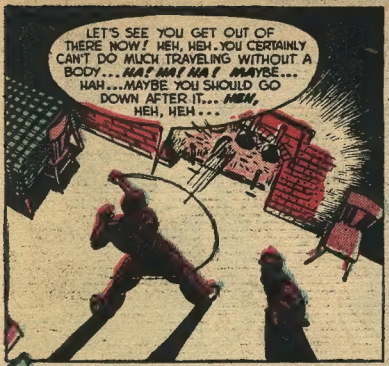


NOBODY KNOWSH HE CAME HERE TONIGHT. (HIC) NOBODY'SH GOING TO KNOW!
THIS SHOULD BE DEEP ENOUGH...
IN YOU GO!
...NOW TO COVER YOU UP...
DAVE...I (HIC) KILLED YOU...BUT... NOBODY'SH GOIN' TO EVEN KNOW YOU WERE HERE!
NO SHIR!
HUH? WHA... (HIC) WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HARRY...LEMME OUT OF HERE!
HARRY! YOU'RE BURYING ME ALIVE! YOU'RE CRAZY, HARRY! LET ME OUT!
SHUT UP, DAVE (HIC). I KILLED YOU. BUT THEY WON'T EVER DISCOVER I DID IT!

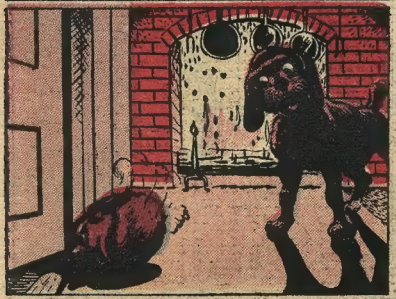
LAWBREAKERS

HA...RRY... THE WEIGHT... OF... THIS (GASP) DIRT... I... (GASP) CAN'T BREATHE... I...
AGHH!
HM... IF I COVERED WISH HEAD THE PILE OF DIRT WOULD GIVE ME ME AWAY. I'LL HAVE TO... CHOP IT OFF!
I'LL JUST DIG A SHALLOW HOLE TO THROW HIS HEAD INTO...
IN YOU GO... HOLE IN ONE!
I'D BETTER GET TO BED... I'LL BE ABLE TO THINK MORE CLEARLY TOMORROW.

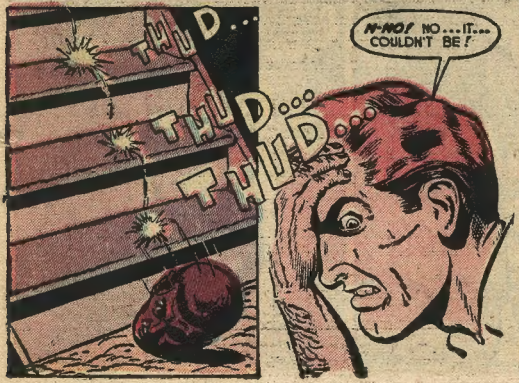

YOWP!
YAP! YAP! YAP!
WH-WHAT WAS THAT? CAME FROM THE CELLAR... I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE.
IT... IT CAN'T BE! IT COULDN'T DIG ITSELF OUT OF THAT HOLE! AND YET... NO! IMPOSSIBLE! I'LL PUT IT IN A PAPER SACK AND THROW IT IN THE KITCHEN FIREPLACE.


LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THERE NOW! HEH, HEH..YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T DO MUCH TRAVELING WITHOUT A BODY... HA! HA! HA! MAYBE... HAH...MAYBE YOU SHOULD GO DOWN AFTER IT... HEH, HEH, HEH...

THE FLAMES DANCE BRIGHTLY AS THE PAPER SACK IS CONSUMED... AND AS IT TURNS TO ASHES, THE SMOLDERING HEAP IS THROWN OFF BALANCE, CAUSING IT TO ROLL TOWARD THE CELLAR DOOR...



AND AS THE CURIOUS DOG SNIFFS AT THIS MOVING OBJECT, HIS NOSE ACCIDENTALLY PUSHES IT DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS...



WITH COLD PERSPIRATION STREAMING HIS FACE AND HIS MIND ON THE BRINK OF SNAPPING, HARRY RACES CRAZILY DOWN, FLASHLIGHT IN HAND...

CR-RREEK
YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE DEAD, I TELL YOU! STAY DEAD!
I... NEED A DRINK... YEAH... THAT'S IT, A DRINK! BUT DAVE AND I FINISHED ALL THERE WAS IN THE HOUSE! WAIT... THE TAVERN IS STILL OPEN... I'LL GET A DRINK THERE...
I'LL BURN THE HOUSE... HUH... THEN THEY'D LOOK FOR ME. I'LL GO TO SOUTH AMERICA... YEAH... WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE... I'LL GO HOME, GET A FEW THINGS AND CLEAR OUT!
I'LL SHOW THAT HEADLESS BODY... AND THAT HEAD... I'M GOING TO HAVE THE LAST LAUGH... I'M GOING TO PAY THEM BOTH MY LAST RESPECTS...

HE'S ESCAPED! HE'S LOOKING FOR ME!
HE'S NOT GOING TO GET ME! I'M GETTING MY CLOTHES AND I'M LEAVING RIGHT NOW.
KEEP AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME! I KILLED YOU.. YOU'RE DEAD, I TELL YOU! YOU'RE DEAD!
SUDDENLY...
Whm...
WE SHOULD HAVE REFILLED THAT HOLE AFTER THE CORONER HAD THE BODY REMOVED.
THE FUNNY PART IS, WE JUST WANTED TO ASK HIM IF HE'D SEEN HIS FRIEND DAVE. IF HE HADN'T BEEN OUT HE MIGHT NEVER HAVE SEARCHED FOR HIM AND FOUND THE FRESHLY DUG GRAVE DOWN HERE!
WE CAME RUNNING AS SOON AS WE HEARD THE YELLING.. LIEUTENANT. HE'S DONE FOR...BROKEN NECK.
AAAA
GHH
THE END

S.M.D... DOESN'T MEAN MUCH TO YOU, DOES IT, DEAR READER? WELL, TO PHILLIP ROSS... THEY ARE THREE LETTERS THAT MIGHT WELL DESCRIBE THE INTRODUCTION TO THE FINAL CHAPTER IN HIS LIFE. READ ON...OH, AND HERE'S A HINT...WHAT THE THREE SIMPLE INITIALS STAND FOR ARE S... AS IN SURPRISE... M...AS IN MURDER... AND...

D" AS IN DEATH

EEEAAAGGGG...

KR-UNCH!

LARRY HAS BEEN COMING OVER EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK. EVEN IF HE IS MY BEST FRIEND I CAN'T SEE HIM BEING SO OVER-FRIENDLY WITH MY WIFE!

THERE'S SOMETHING BREWING. HE'S BEEN COMING TO SEE *HER*, CERTAINLY *NOT ME!* I WONDER IF...

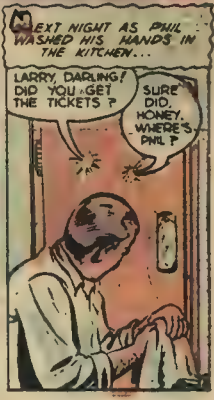
...OH! THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA, LARRY!
ER... AHEM!

OH, PHIL... WE... DIDN'T HEAR YOU!
NO! I SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE ME TO WEAR A COW-BELL!

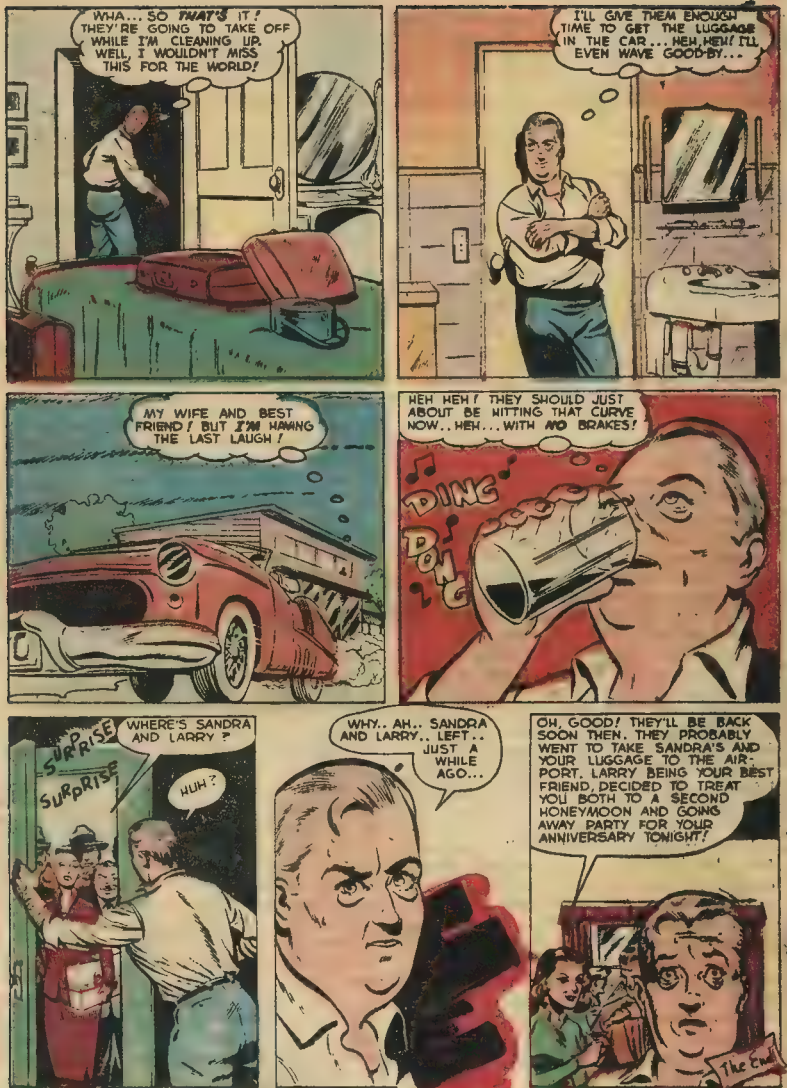
NOW WAIT A SECOND, PHIL...
NEVER MIND! IF YOU TWO NEED EACH OTHER'S COMPANY SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE WITH HIM, SANDRA!

BUT, PHIL...
SLAM

THERE GOES LARRY. IF HE SHOWS UP AGAIN TOMORROW, I'M GOING TO FIX HIS WAGON... AND I MEAN WAGON!


NEXT NIGHT AS PHIL WASHED HIS HANDS IN THE KITCHEN...
LARRY, DARLING! DID YOU GET THE TICKETS?
SURE DID, HONEY. WHERE'S PHIL?

I SAW HIM GO OUT TO THE GARAGE. WHAT A SURPRISE THIS WILL BE TO HIM!
WE'LL JUST TAKE IT EASY 'TIL ABOUT EIGHT TONIGHT THEN, SANDRA. THAT GIVES US A COUPLE OF HOURS.
HOW'RE YOU GOING TO GET RID OF HIM?
DON'T WORRY. THAT'S ANY END OF THE JOB!
EIGHT TONIGHT? SHOOTING'S TOO GOOD FOR EITHER OF THEM! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
PHIL HURRIEDLY GOES OUT TO WHERE LARRY'S CAR IS PARKED AND PUNCTURES THE HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID LINES AND CUTS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE CABLE..
HA! LET THEM TRY TO MAKE DEAD MAN'S TURN ON THE HILL WITHOUT BRAKES. WHAT A SURPRISE THEY'LL HAVE!
HELLO, PHIL. HOW'VE YOU BEEN?
HMPH!
PHIL, DEAR... WHY DON'T YOU GO UPSTAIRS, SHAVE AND SHOWER AND TAKE ME TO A MOVIE...
MOVIE? HM... WONDER WHAT'S UP HER SLEEVE?
WHY... WHY, SURE... ALL RIGHT, DEAR.


WHA... SO THAT'S IT! THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE OFF WHILE I'M CLEANING UP. WELL, I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR THE WORLD!
I'LL GIVE THEM ENOUGH TIME TO GET THE LUGGAGE IN THE CAR... HEH, HEH! I'LL EVEN WAVE GOOD-BY...
MY WIFE AND BEST FRIEND! BUT I'M HAVING THE LAST LAUGH!
HEH HEH! THEY SHOULD JUST ABOUT BE HITTING THAT CURVE NOW.. HEH... WITH NO BRAKES!
DING
DONG
SURPRISE
SURPRISE
WHERE'S SANDRA AND LARRY?
HUH?
WHY.. AH.. SANDRA AND LARRY.. LEFT.. JUST A WHILE AGO...
OH, GOOD! THEY'LL BE BACK SOON THEN. THEY PROBABLY WENT TO TAKE SANDRA'S AND YOUR LUGGAGE TO THE AIR-PORT. LARRY BEING YOUR BEST FRIEND, DECIDED TO TREAT YOU BOTH TO A SECOND HONEYMOON AND GOING AWAY PARTY FOR YOUR ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT!
The End

NOW, READERS... DID LARRY AND SANDRA HAVE AN ACCIDENT? DID THEY DIE? WE WONDER. BUT SEND YOUR IDEA OF HOW THE STORY SHOULD END TO CHARLTON COMICS, 900 MADISON AVE, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES. AND OF COURSE THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE FULL CREDIT AND $10 IN CASH!

TWO MINDS AS ONE

Steve Felton and Bristol Bates operated as though their two minds ticked as one, which made them the slickest pair of crooks that ever disturbed Suffolk County, one of the wealthiest resort areas along the Atlantic Coast. Large hotels, grand estates and prosperous beach clubs were easy prey for this team of smoothies.

"If you can spot either of that pair," Sheriff Tom Long told his crew of deputies, "you can be sure that the other is either in the offing, within hail and call, or that he is covering in some way for his pal. Sometimes one is the inside man and the other the watcher. Then again, they may seem to be going their separate ways. But they're both bad news and that's for sure. You never can outguess them because one always seems to know what's in the other's mind. When those two minds work together, they can hatch up the dangdest things."

Sheriff Long was right. At that very moment, Steve and Bristol were hatching up a very terrific scheme.

The canny pair were down by an abandoned fishing pier near the swanky Beachview Hotel. They had laid a huge chunk of planking across four old rowboats. Steve, whose face wore a perpetually foxy smile, gave a satisfied nod.

"They make perfect pontoons," decided Steve. "We can roll the car on and ferry it across the channel in five minutes."

"Then I'll bring the boats back," added Bristol, whose features had a happy, careless grin. "I'll dismantle this rig and cut through to the hotel —"

"Get up to the hotel first," interposed Steve. "So you can check in at exactly seven o'clock. Have your dinner sent up so that you can prove the exact time you were there. Then take a nap and have them call you, say at nine thirty."

"Good enough," agreed Bristol. "Maybe the sheriff will be around by then to lock me up. He won't lock me up, though, because he'll have nothing on me. Then any time — maybe even as late as dawn tomorrow, I can come down here and pull the planking off these boats."

"Do it tonight if you can," declared Steve, "because my alibi depends on it. But if anything goes haywire, let me know. I'll be at the Parker House in Bayport."

"I'll let you know, even if I have to come up there."

"You won't. Just one of your mental flashes will be enough, Bristol."

From then on, the pair operated on schedule. They drove around in Steve's car, a flashy blue convertible and finally pulled into a service station at quarter of seven. From there, Bristol called the hotel and made a reservation. They drove out and Steve sped the car down to the fishing pier where they eased the convertible onto the improvised float and worked it across the deep but narrow channel. Bristol stayed on the float and Steve shoved it off and then drove away. From the car window he saw Bristol grab his suitcase and take the short cut to the hotel.

It was nearing dusk and it would be a cinch for Bristol to walk into the Beachview Hotel as though he had just dropped off from Steve's car out front. From then on, Bristol would have the easy end of the deal.

Steve's end was different.

He was now driving along a promontory called Penguin Point, coming in from the tip. Steve didn't need lights, not yet, and as a matter of fact he couldn't use them. That was why this job had been timed for the sunset hour when the road was visible to a driver but a car could not be seen at a distance.

Half a mile along the road, Steve passed the near end of a bridge. It was boarded up and the bridgehead was deserted. It would be that way for the next two days. The bridge was the only route across Lloyd channel to Penguin Point. No car could possibly have come from the vicinity of the Beachview Hotel without using that bridge. Except that right now there wasn't any bridge and wouldn't be for the next forty-eight hours.

As he drove along, Steve could see the hotel, a sprawling old wooden structure, but still one of the most exclusive places along the Coast. It stood there, silhouetted against the sunset and a lot of its rooms were already lighted, which helped make the spread-out building visible. Soon, Bristol Bates would

be dining stylishly in one of those rooms.

Another three miles and the hotel was completely lost behind a huge cliff on the shore of the mainland. At least a mile of water separated Penguin Point from the shore at this spot. Steve was still rolling along without his lights, now, as a square shaped building hulked up ahead of him, he cut off the motor and let the car coast up beside it.

The building was the Club Penguin, popular nightspot on Penguin Point. Its business though depended so much on cars from across the bridge, that the place had closed for these two days. Steve got out of the car rapped at the door of the Club Penguin and adjusted a mask over his face. Some lights came on, the door opened, and Steve pcked a revolver into the ribs of a portly, baldheaded man whose round face mirrored complete fright.

This was Roger Tukes, owner of the club. Steve had no trouble talking him into opening his safe and handing over its contents, a matter of about seven thousand dollars that Tukes hadn't thought to bank. Usually, the Club Penguin was the liveliest spot along the coast. Steve had just been smart enough to catch it when shut down.

Rapidly, Steve bound and gagged Tukes and locked him in the office closet. He doubted that Tukes could get loose for an hour and that was all the time Steve needed. He got back in his car, eased slowly out so that he wouldn't be heard by anyone else who might be around. Heading along the road, Steve soon turned on the lights and opened the car up.

It was twenty-five miles along the point to Crawfish Neck which connected it with the mainland. Hitting close to sixty, Steve passed only a few cars on the way and none would remember his convertible for now it was fully dark and the car lights dazzled the other drivers. At eight o'clock, Steve came to the main road that wound around the coast from the Beachview Hotel, some thirty miles back. He pulled into the little town of Bayport, turned his car over to the doorman of the Parker House and entered the hotel. Steve engaged a room and after loafing about for an hour, turned in for the night.

Considering how smoothly his plan had worked, Steve couldn't understand why he felt so uneasy. Oddly, he was worried for his pal Bristol, not for himself. He wished now that he'd told Bristol to come on here somehow and join him in Bayport. But that wouldn't work, because it was Bristol who would have to dismantle the improvised ferry down by the fishing pier.

So it was Steve who should really worry. But he didn't, for he was sure that Bristol could surely let him know if anything had gone wrong. He finally curbed his qualms regarding Bristol's safety and fell asleep. It was only a brief nap, however. Suddenly the room was flooded with light and there stood Bristol. Never had Steve seen a face more excited or filled with such horror.

"Steve!" Bristol was shouting. "Get out of this — while you can! I've got to get out — but I can't —"

In a burst of crimson, Bristol disappeared, light and all. Steve found himself sitting bolt upright in the darkness which was broken only by the flashes of an outdoor neon sign. Steve reached for the telephone intending to call the Beachview Hotel and talk to Bristol. But he couldn't rouse the Parker House operator, so he calmed down and went to sleep.

Oddly, Steve wasn't wondering about Bristol any longer. He didn't worry about anything until his shoulder was shaken and he looked up in the light of morning to find himself staring at Sheriff Long. The sheriff snapped one question:

"Where were you at eight o'clock last night, Steve?"

"Just pulling away from the Beachview Hotel," Steve gave his lips a foxy lick. "Bristol checked in there at seven. I stayed about an hour and then drove on."

Sheriff Long shook his head and turned to his deputies.

"Take him away, boys," the sheriff said. "We know his alibi is phoney. For your information, Steve" — the sheriff's tone became grim — "the old Beachview Hotel caught fire around eight o'clock last night and went up like so much tinder."

"Bristol was one of the people trapped there. We saw him about nine o'clock, at the window of his room, just before the floor caved in. He was shouting for you to get out because he couldn't. We thought maybe you were in there too, then we decided to check other places like this hotel. Too bad about Bristol. This was one time his mind didn't tick with yours."

Steve Felton sat there glumly while the sheriff went through his things and found the stolen cash. Steve was thinking of his lost alibi and how his mind and Bristol's had really clicked — for the last time.

LAWBREAKERS

YESTERDAY'S MURDER

IT HAD BEEN NEARLY A YEAR SINCE THE LODGE AT PINE LAKE HAD BLOWN UP AND MY WOULD-BE MURDERERS HAD DIED IN THE BLAST... AND NOW HERE I WAS, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TO ADD THE FINAL CHAPTER TO AN UNFINISHED STORY.
7TH
POLICE
POLICE
YES, MR. STEELMAN, I REMEMBER THE PINE LAKE AFFAIR, THOUGH I WASN'T IN CHARGE HERE AT THE TIME. ABOUT A YEAR AGO, WASN'T IT?
STAN CAMPBELL

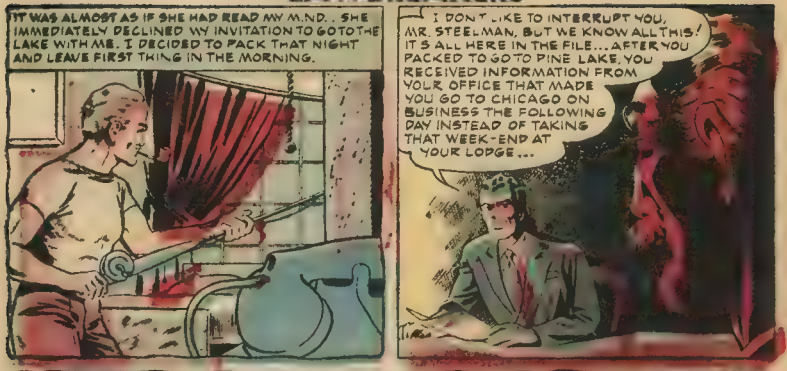
LAWBREAKERS

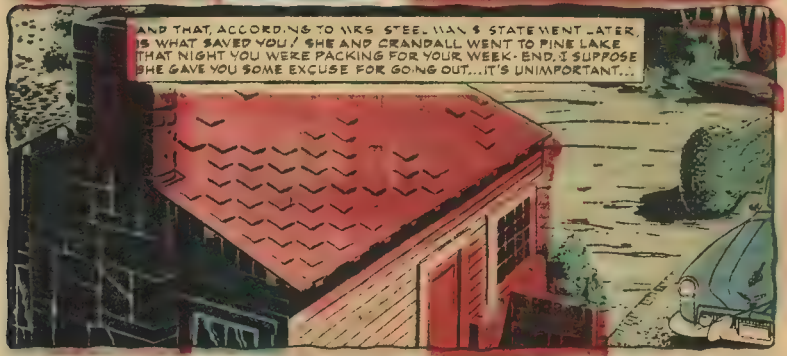
SIT DOWN, PLEASE, AND I'LL SEND FOR THE FILE ON THE PINE LAKE CASE.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, I... I KNOW THE... DETAILS. MORE OF THEM THAN YOU! AS A MATTER OF FACT, THAT'S WHY I CAME.
I HAD THOUGHT THAT CAPTAIN SPIKER MIGHT STILL BE HERE. HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION THAT FOLLOWED THE EXPLOSION, AND TOOK MY WIFE'S CONFESSION. HE KNEW MOST OF THE STORY... HOWEVER IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO BRING YOU UP TO DATE...
I MET MRS. STEELMAN... KAREN... AT SARATOGA DURING THE SEASON THREE YEARS AGO. SHE WAS YOUNGER THAN MYSELF, AND VERY ATTRACTIVE. I WAS QUITE FLATTERED BY HER ATTENTION.
I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. STEELMAN PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP ME PICK A WINNER. CARL HASN'T DONE VERY WELL!
I HELPED HER HANDICAP THE RACES AND WE BROKE FAIRLY EVEN ALL DAY UNTIL THE LAST RACE, WHEN WE MADE A SMALL KILLING. SHE SEEMED ELATED OVER IT, AND LATER WE HAD A COUPLE OF DRINKS AT THE TRACK BAR.
I WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, KAREN... REAL SOON...
I'D HOPED YOU WOULD, FRANK.
THE NEXT THREE MONTHS WENT SWIFTLY, WITH KAREN SEEING MORE AND MORE OF ME, UNTIL, FINALLY, NEITHER OF US WENT ANYWHERE IN ANYONE ELSE'S COMPANY. I TAUGHT HER TO DRIVE MY CAR AND TO FLY MY PLANE.
THE DAY CAME WHEN I ASKED KAREN TO MARRY ME...
OH... YES, FRANK! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK ME...

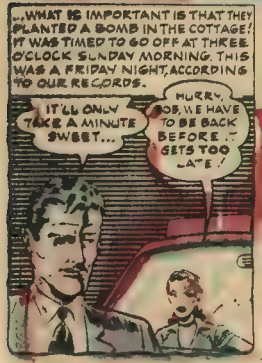
SO WE WERE MARRIED JUST A FEW DAYS LATER. OUR HONEYMOON WAS LONG AND EXPENSIVE AND TOOK US HALF-WAY AROUND THE WORLD AND BACK... NO POINT IN GOING INTO DETAILS...
...EXCEPT, PERHAPS, THAT IT WAS PROBABLY DURING THIS PERIOD THAT KAREN REALIZED THE EXTENT OF MY PERSONAL FORTUNE. SHE HAD KNOWN SHE WAS MARRYING A WELL-TO-DO MAN, BUT...
THIS IS MY FAVORITE VIEW OF THE PLACE, DEAR. HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE MISTRESS OF ONE OF THE LARGEST ESTATES IN THIS COUNTRY ?
I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S TRUE, FRANK.
KAREN HAD EVERYTHING SHE WANTED, AND A FEW EXTRAS THROWN IN. I BELIEVE SHE WAS HAPPY FOR A TIME...
LIKE MY TASTE IN FURS, KAREN ?
IT'S LIKE YOUR TASTE IN EVERYTHING, DARLING, EXQUISITE !
EVERYTHING WENT ALONG NICELY FOR NEARLY A YEAR. THEN, ONE DAY AT THE OFFICE, QUITE WITHOUT ANY WARNING, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE CAME TO SEE ME.
MY NAME IS MORGAN, MR. STEELMAN... I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT MAY INTEREST YOU...
SIT DOWN, MR. MORGAN... YOUR CARD SAYS YOU'RE A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. STEELMAN. HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS STUFF... IT'LL EXPLAIN ITSELF.
LOOKS LIKE A BUNCH OF PHOTOGRAPHS...
THE PHOTOS WERE ALL OF KAREN, IN THE COMPANY OF ONE OF MY YOUNGER EXECUTIVES, NAMED BOB CRANDALL !
ALL RIGHT... WHAT'S YOUR RACKET, MORGAN ? IF IT'S A BLACKMAIL SCHEME OF SOME KIND YOU'RE TRYING TO RIG UP...

TAKE IT EASY, MR. STEELMAN. THIS AIN'T BLACKMAIL! A LOT OF GUYS COME TO ME TO GET THE GOODS ON THEIR WIVES WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEY HAVE BEEN PLAYIN' AROUND! WORKS THE OTHER WAY, TOO... I GOT A FEW WOMEN CUSTOMERS!
GET TO THE POINT!
THE POINT IS THIS... CRANDALL AND MRS. STEELMAN HAVE BEEN SEEING EACH OTHER STEADILY FOR OVER THREE MONTHS! WHEN I FOUND OUT ABOUT IT, I FIGURED SOONER OR LATER YOU'D WANT THE SERVICES OF A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.
YOU MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT HAVE COME TO ME. SO I WENT AHEAD AND DID THE JOB ON MY OWN, PHOTOS AND AFFIDAVITS FROM ACCREDITED WITNESSES...YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL THERE. IT'S EVERYTHING YOU NEED...
...YOU CAN KEEP THE STUFF, MR. STEELMAN. BETTER LOOK IT OVER CAREFULLY...IF YOU DECIDE IT'S OF VALUE TO YOU, LET ME KNOW AND I'LL SEND YOU A BILL FOR MY SERVICES! IF NOT, FORGET IT. IT WAS SPECULATION, ANYWAY.
MORGAN WAS RIGHT. THE THING WAS COMPLETE. STILL... I HADN'T BUILT UP A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR A YEAR BUSINESS BY MAKING HASTY DECISIONS... I WANTED TIME TO THINK IT OVER THOROUGHLY.
IT WAS THE FOLLOWING EVENING WHEN I ANNOUNCED MY INTENTION OF SPENDING THE WEEK-END AT MY PINE LAKE LODGE, HOPING THAT KAREN WOULDN'T WANT TO COME AND THAT I COULD BE BY MYSELF TO THINK THINGS OUT.
NO, DARLING, I'LL PASS. I DON'T GET AS MUCH OF A KICK OUT OF THE SOLITARY LIFE AT THAT COTTAGE OF YOURS AS YOU DO!

LAWBREAKERS


IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SHE HAD READ MY MIND. SHE IMMEDIATELY DECLINED MY INVITATION TO GO TO THE LAKE WITH ME. I DECIDED TO PACK THAT NIGHT AND LEAVE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.
I DON'T LIKE TO INTERRUPT YOU, MR. STEELMAN, BUT WE KNOW ALL THIS! IT'S ALL HERE IN THE FILE... AFTER YOU PACKED TO GO TO PINE LAKE, YOU RECEIVED INFORMATION FROM YOUR OFFICE THAT MADE YOU GO TO CHICAGO ON BUSINESS THE FOLLOWING DAY INSTEAD OF TAKING THAT WEEK-END AT YOUR LODGE...

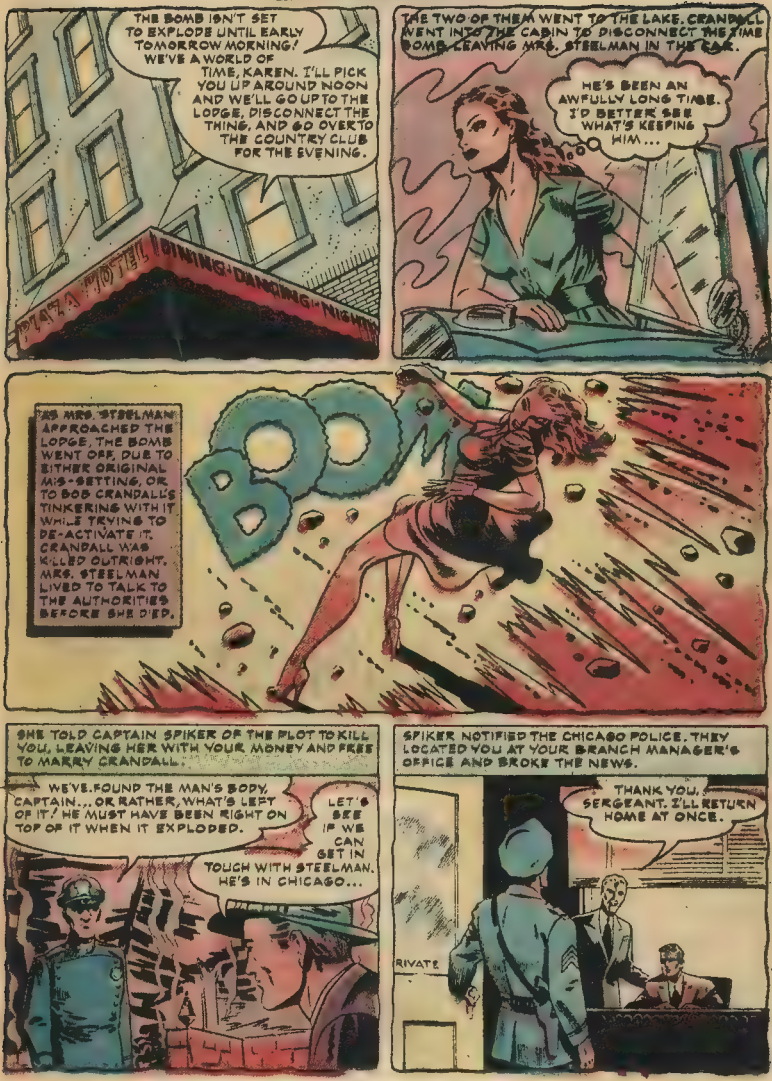

AND THAT, ACCORDING TO MRS. STEELMAN'S STATEMENT LATER, IS WHAT SAVED YOU! SHE AND CRANDALL WENT TO PINE LAKE THAT NIGHT! YOU WERE PACKING FOR YOUR WEEK-END, I SUPPOSE SHE GAVE YOU SOME EXCUSE FOR GOING OUT... IT'S UNIMPORTANT...


...WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT THEY PLANTED A BOMB IN THE COTTAGE! IT WAS TIMED TO GO OFF AT THREE O'CLOCK SUNDAY MORNING. THIS WAS A FRIDAY NIGHT, ACCORDING TO OUR RECORDS.
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE SWEET...
HURRY, BOB, WE HAVE TO BE BACK BEFORE IT GETS TOO LATE!

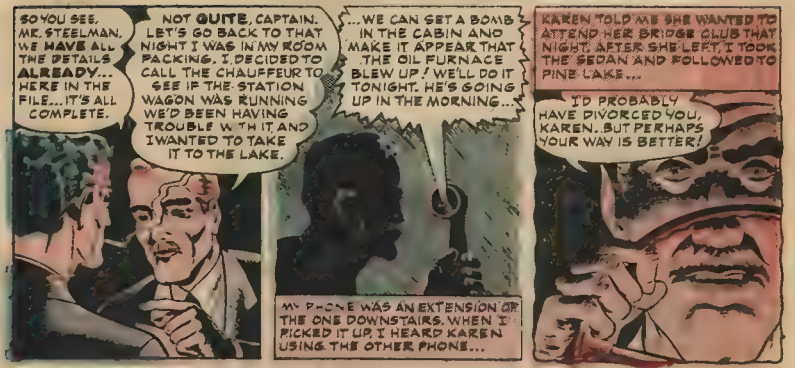
THE NEXT MORNING YOU TOLD MRS. STEELMAN YOU WERE GOING TO CHICAGO ON BUSINESS AND YOU WOULD BE BACK ON THE FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY... INSTEAD OF GOING TO THE LODGE.
CAN'T BE HELPED, DEAR... BUT I'LL BE HOME ON WEDNESDAY, OR THURSDAY AT THE LATEST. I'LL CALL YOU FROM CHICAGO...

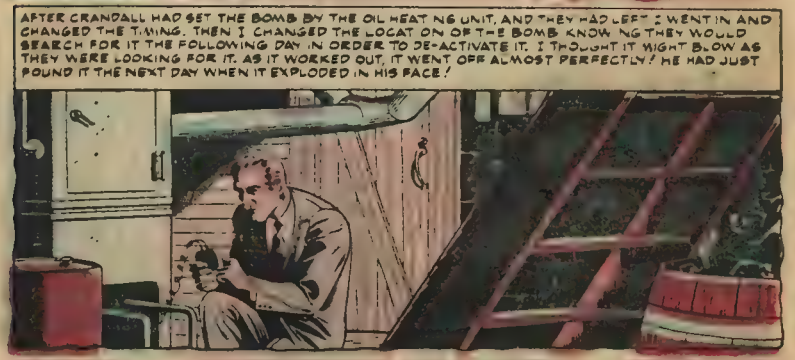
WHEREUPON MRS. STEELMAN MUST HAVE IMMEDIATELY GOT IN TOUCH WITH CRANDALL...
LISTEN, THE OLD FOOL ISN'T GOING TO THE LAKE AFTER ALL! NO, I TELL YOU... HE'S GOING TO CHICAGO... HAS ALREADY GONE, AS A MATTER OF FACT! WHAT ABOUT THE BOMB... I'LL GO OFF, AND...

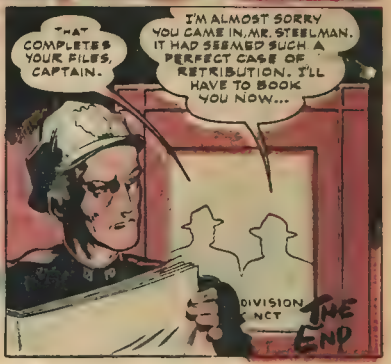
LAWBREAKERS


THE BOMB ISN'T SET TO EXPLODE UNTIL EARLY TOMORROW MORNING! WE'VE A WORLD OF TIME, KAREN. I'LL PICK YOU UP AROUND NOON AND WE'LL GO UP TO THE LODGE, DISCONNECT THE THING, AND GO OVER TO THE COUNTRY CLUB FOR THE EVENING.
DINING + DANCING NIGHTLY
THE TWO OF THEM WENT TO THE LAKE. CRANDALL WENT INTO THE CABIN TO DISCONNECT THE TIME BOMB, LEAVING MRS. STEELMAN IN THE CAR.
HE'S BEEN AN AWFULLY LONG TIME. I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S KEEPING HIM...
AS MRS. STEELMAN APPROACHED THE LODGE, THE BOMB WENT OFF, DUE TO EITHER ORIGINAL MIS-SETTING, OR TO BOB CRANDALL'S TINKERING WITH IT WHILE TRYING TO DE-ACTIVATE IT. CRANDALL WAS KILLED OUTRIGHT. MRS. STEELMAN LIVED TO TALK TO THE AUTHORITIES BEFORE SHE DIED.
BOOM
SHE TOLD CAPTAIN SPIKER OF THE PLOT TO KILL YOU, LEAVING HER WITH YOUR MONEY AND FREE TO MARRY CRANDALL.
WE'VE FOUND THE MAN'S BODY, CAPTAIN... OR RATHER, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. HE MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT ON TOP OF IT WHEN IT EXPLODED.
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH STEELMAN. HE'S IN CHICAGO...
SPIKER NOTIFIED THE CHICAGO POLICE. THEY LOCATED YOU AT YOUR BRANCH MANAGER'S OFFICE AND BROKE THE NEWS.
THANK YOU, SERGEANT. I'LL RETURN HOME AT ONCE.
RIVATE

LAWBREAKERS


SO YOU SEE, MR. STEELMAN, WE HAVE ALL THE DETAILS ALREADY... HERE IN THE FILE... IT'S ALL COMPLETE.
NOT QUITE, CAPTAIN. LET'S GO BACK TO THAT NIGHT I WAS IN MY ROOM PACKING. I DECIDED TO CALL THE CHAUFFEUR TO GET IF THE STATION WAGON WAS RUNNING WE'D BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH IT, AND I WANTED TO TAKE IT TO THE LAKE.
...WE CAN SET A BOMB IN THE CABIN AND MAKE IT APPEAR THAT THE OIL FURNACE BLEW UP! WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT. HE'S GOING UP IN THE MORNING...
MY PHONE WAS AN EXTENSION OF THE ONE DOWNSTAIRS. WHEN I PICKED IT UP, I HEARD KAREN USING THE OTHER PHONE...
KAREN TOLD ME SHE WANTED TO ATTEND HER BRIDGE CLUB THAT NIGHT. AFTER SHE LEFT, I TOOK THE SEDAN AND FOLLOWED TO PINE LAKE...
I'D PROBABLY HAVE DIVORCED YOU, KAREN. BUT PERHAPS YOUR WAY IS BETTER!


AFTER CRANDALL HAD SET THE BOMB BY THE OIL HEATING UNIT, AND THEY HAD LEFT, I WENT IN AND CHANGED THE TIMING. THEN I CHANGED THE LOCATION OF THE BOMB, KNOWING THEY WOULD SEARCH FOR IT THE FOLLOWING DAY. IN ORDER TO DE-ACTIVATE IT. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BLOW AS THEY WERE LOOKING FOR IT. AS IT WORKED OUT, IT WENT OFF ALMOST PERFECTLY! HE HAD JUST FOUND IT THE NEXT DAY WHEN IT EXPLODED IN HIS FACE!

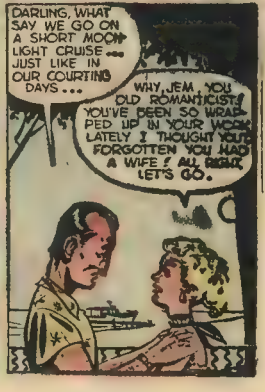

THAT COMPLETES YOUR FILES, CAPTAIN.
I'M ALMOST SORRY YOU CAME IN, MR. STEELMAN. IT HAD SEEMED SUCH A PERFECT CASE OF RETRIBUTION. I'LL HAVE TO BOOK YOU NOW...
DIVISION CT
THE END

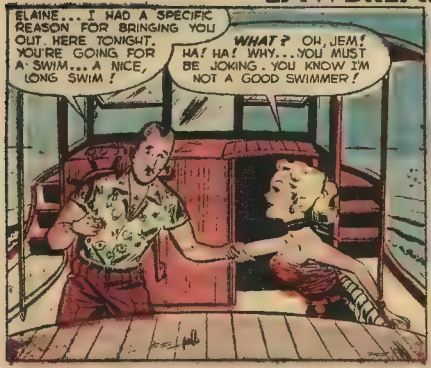
FOR YOU READERS WITH A BIT OF SALT IN YOUR BLOOD, WE HAVE HERE A SHORT MODERN-DAY SEA YARN. THIS IS ABOUT JEMELAIN FENTNOR, A YACHTSMAN, WHOSE BUSINESS WAS GOING ON THE ROCKS (SO TO SPEAK). THEN ONE EVENING MURDER BRIGHTENED JEM'S HORIZON... THAT IS... UNTIL HE HEARD...

The VOICE from the DEEP!

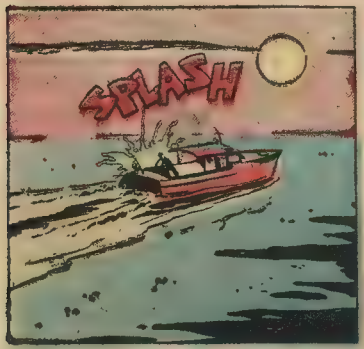
NOBODY ABOARD HER, SIR! AND NO SIGN OF ANYONE HAVING BEEN ON HER AT ALL!
NO POSSIBLE EXPLANATION AS TO HOW IT GOT THIS FAR OUT! SECURE A LINE FOR TOWING.
POLICE

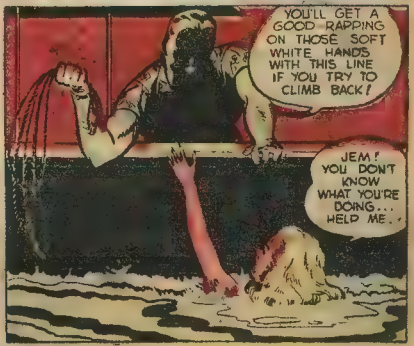
BUT NOW LET US TURN THE HANDS OF TIME BACK TO ABOUT SEVEN O'CLOCK OF THE PRECEDING EVENING... TO JEMELAIN FENTNOR...

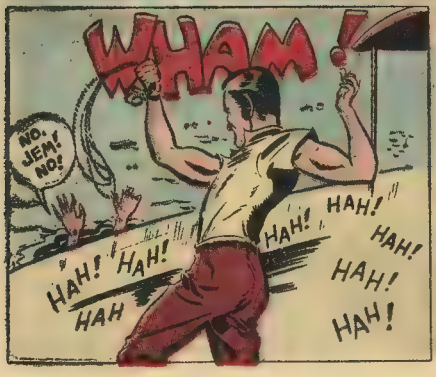

DARLING, WHAT SAY WE GO ON A SHORT MOONLIGHT CRUISE... JUST LIKE IN OUR COURTING DAYS...
WHY, JEM, YOU OLD ROMANTICIST! YOU'VE BEEN SO WRAPPED UP IN YOUR WORK LATELY I THOUGHT YOU'D FORGOTTEN YOU HAD A WIFE! ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.


ELAINE... I HAD A SPECIFIC REASON FOR BRINGING YOU OUT HERE TONIGHT. YOU'RE GOING FOR A SWIM... A NICE, LONG SWIM!
WHAT? OH, JEM! HA! HA! WHY... YOU MUST BE JOKING. YOU KNOW I'M NOT A GOOD SWIMMER!

JOKING AM I.. HAH, HAH... JOKING?
JEM! JEM!


SPLASH

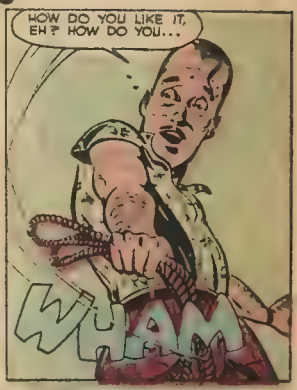

YOU'LL GET A GOOD RAPPING ON THOSE SOFT WHITE HANDS WITH THIS LINE IF YOU TRY TO CLIMB BACK!
JEM! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING... HELP ME..


WHAM!
NO, JEM! NO!
HAH! HAH!
HAH! HAH!
HAH! HAH!
HAH! HAH!
HAH!

HAHAHA! TIRED ALREADY? WHY DON'T YOU SWIM FOR SHORE.. IT'S ONLY TWELVE MILES! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA..

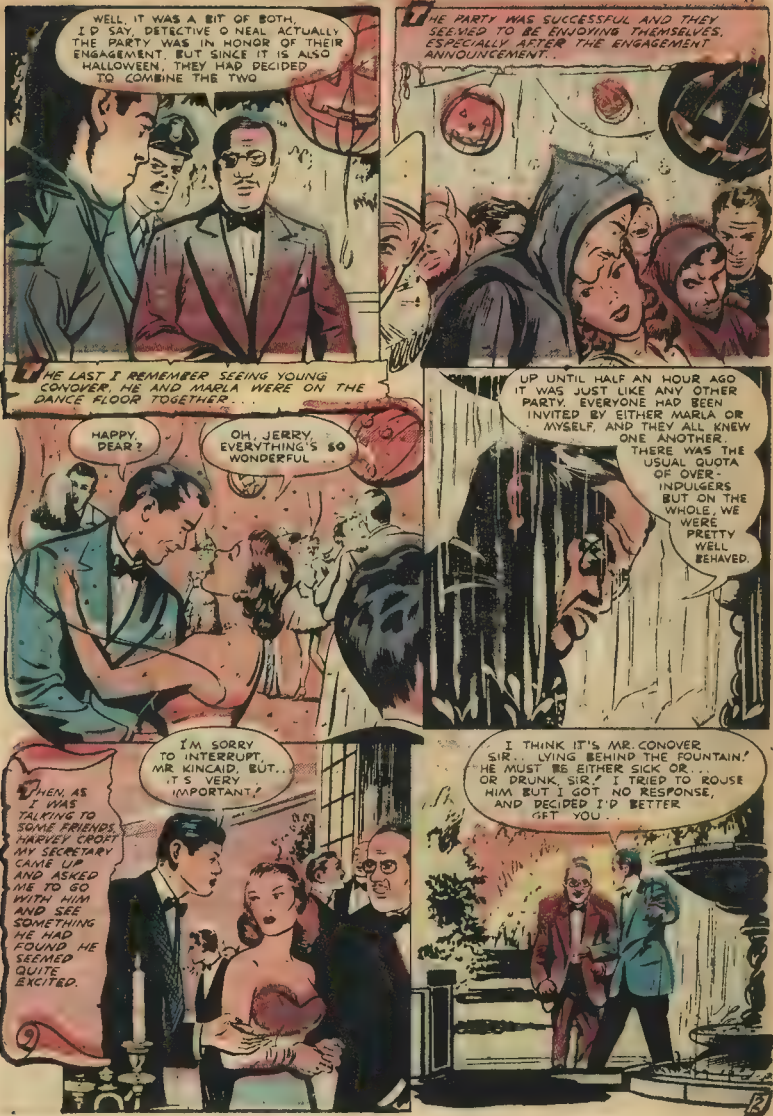
LAWBREAKERS

HA! GLAD I BROUGHT YOU ALONG, LITTLE BOTTLE! THIS CALLS FOR A SMALL CELEBRATION!
HA! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS ..AND NO EVIDENCE I'LL JUST TELL THE POLICE SHE FELL OVERBOARD... I TRIED TO SAVE HER, BUT COULDN'T... ALL OUR FRIENDS KNOW I CAN'T SWIM A STROKE!...HA... THEN SHE JUST BECAME EXHAUSTED AND...BLOOP...
HA HA HA HA HA HA...
THE PERFECT CRIME! AND SO SIMPLE! HIC! I'LL JUST TAKE ANOTHER DRINK...
JEM
JEM
JEM
JEM
HUH? WAZZAT? SHOUNDS LIKE ELAINE! ELAINE! NO... I SHAW HER DROWN...
JEM
JEM
SHOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM BACK...
JEM
JEM
JEM
JEM
ELAINE!



YOU MIGHT THINK JEMELAIN WAS MISLED BY THE SOUND OF THE BOAT'S SLOW CHURNING MOTOR... AND WHO IS TO SAY HE DIDN'T SEE HIS OWN REFLECTION IN THE PHOSPHORESCENT WATER? ANYWAY, YOU READERS DO KNOW... AS MR. FENTNOR HIMSELF SAID... HE COULDN'T SWIM A STROKE!

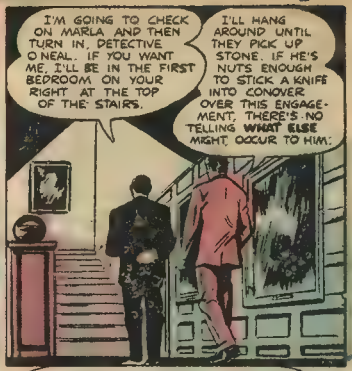
DEATH by LANTERN LIGHT
... IT'S JERRY CONOVER, MY DAUGHTER'S FIANCE. WE FOUND HIM ONLY A FEW MOMENTS AGO AND CALLED YOU IMMEDIATELY!
NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, MR KINCAID YOUR DAUGHTER MARLA, AND CONOVER HAD ANNOUNCED THEIR ENGAGEMENT TONIGHT . WAS THIS PARTY HERE IN HONOR OF THAT ANNOUNCEMENT, OR WAS IT JUST A HALLOWEEN PARTY?


WELL, IT WAS A BIT OF BOTH, I'D SAY. DETECTIVE O NEAL ACTUALLY THE PARTY WAS IN HONOR OF THEIR ENGAGEMENT. BUT SINCE IT IS ALSO HALLOWEEN, THEY HAD DECIDED TO COMBINE THE TWO
THE PARTY WAS SUCCESSFUL AND THEY SEEMED TO BE ENJOYING THEMSELVES, ESPECIALLY AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE LAST I REMEMBER SEEING YOUNG CONOVER, HE AND MARLA WERE ON THE DANCE FLOOR TOGETHER...
HAPPY, DEAR?
OH, JERRY, EVERYTHING'S SO WONDERFUL
UP UNTIL HALF AN HOUR AGO IT WAS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER PARTY. EVERYONE HAD BEEN INVITED BY EITHER MARLA OR MYSELF, AND THEY ALL KNEW ONE ANOTHER. THERE WAS THE USUAL QUOTA OF OVER-INDULGERS BUT ON THE WHOLE, WE WERE PRETTY WELL BEHAVED.
I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MR KINCAID, BUT.. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.'
THEN, AS I WAS TALKING TO SOME FRIENDS, HARVEY CROFT MY SECRETARY CAME UP AND ASKED ME TO GO WITH HIM AND SEE SOMETHING HE HAD FOUND HE SEEMED QUITE EXCITED.
I THINK IT'S MR. CONOVER SIR.. LYING BEHIND THE FOUNTAIN.' HE MUST BE EITHER SICK OR... OR DRUNK, SIR.' I TRIED TO ROUSE HIM BUT I GOT NO RESPONSE, AND DECIDED I'D BETTER GET YOU.

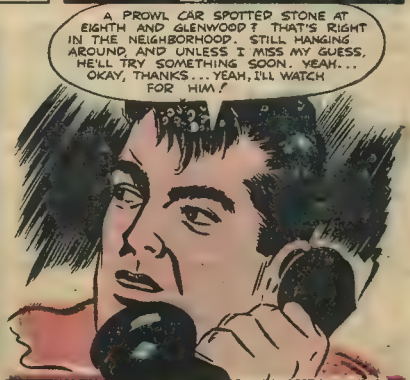
IT WAS CONOVER, LYING HERE JUST AS YOU SEE HIM NOW. WE DIDN'T MOVE HIM AT ALL. I KNEW HE WAS DEAD AS SOON AS I TRIED TO TAKE HIS PULSE.
I THINK DOCTOR SIMS IS HERE SOMEWHERE, HARVEY... GET HIM, AND THEN CALL THE POLICE!
AND DOCTOR SIMS PRONOUNCED HIM DEAD? WHERE IS SIMS NOW?
HE WENT TO SEE WHAT HE COULD DO FOR MARLA. SHE WENT COMPLETELY TO PIECES WHEN SHE HEARD THE NEWS.
QUITE A FEW OF THE GUESTS WISH TO KNOW IF THEY MAY DEPART, SIR...
THIS IS DETECTIVE O'NEAL, HARVEY. IT'S UP TO HIM WHETHER THEY CAN GO OR NOT, I GUESS
YOU ARE HARVEY CROFT, I TAKE IT... MR. KINCAID'S SECRETARY?
YES, SIR. I'VE BEEN WITH MR. KINCAID FOR OVER SIX YEARS. SHALL I TELL THEM THEY CAN GO?
YEAH, LET 'EM GO. BUT MAKE A CAREFUL LISTING OF THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES, CROFT. I'LL WANT TO TALK TO SOME OF THEM LATER.
OH, ONE OTHER THING, MR. KINCAID. MRS. CARSTON TOLD ME SHE SEEMS TO HAVE MISLAID HER PEARLS...
MISLAID HER... OH, THAT WOMAN IS THE MOST ABSENT MINDED HUMAN BEING I'VE EVER KNOWN! IF ANYONE COULD LOSE A STRING OF PEARLS, THEY HAD BEEN WEARING AROUND THEIR NECK ALL EVENING... SHE COULD! SHE'S NEVER BEEN HERE YET THAT SHE DIDN'T LOSE SOMETHING, AND WE ALWAYS FIND IT AFTER SHE LEAVES.

TELL HER WE'LL SEARCH FOR THEM IN THE MORNING, CROFT.
DO YOU KNOW HOW VALUABLE HER PEARLS ARE, MR. KINCAID?
YES, IF SHE WAS WEARING THE REAL ONES TONIGHT, THEY ARE VERY VALUABLE. HOWEVER SHE IS FULLY INSURED AGAINST THE LOSS OF THEM, SO I THINK WE NEEDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT THEM AT THE MOMENT...
I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. OUR CONCERN FOR NOW IS WHO MIGHT HAVE HAD A MOTIVE FOR STABBING YOUNG CONOVER TO DEATH. HE WAS STABBED, YOU KNOW, SEVERAL TIMES IN THE CHEST AND THROAT. NO KNIFE AROUND. KILLER MUST HAVE TAKEN IT WITH HIM OR THROWN IT AWAY SOMEWHERE...
I THINK PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU WITH THAT.
OH, THIS IS CAROL SANDERS... DETECTIVE O'NEAL. WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU CAN HELP, CAROL?
YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT HE HAD A REASON TO MURDER JERRY CONOVER, MISS SANDERS?
YES, I DO! VIC STONE HAD A REASON! VIC USED TO GO WITH MARLA UNTIL SHE STARTED KEEPING COMPANY WITH JERRY CONOVER. VIC WAS VERY ANGRY ABOUT IT FOR A LONG TIME. HE DRINKS A GOOD DEAL, AND HE WAS HEARD TO SAY ONCE THAT IF MARLA DIDN'T MARRY HIM, SHE'D MARRY NO ONE... ESPECIALLY JERRY!
EVERYONE THOUGHT AT THE TIME THAT VIC WAS JUST MOUTHING OFF, BUT NOW THAT JERRY'S DEAD, VIC WAS AT THE PARTY TONIGHT, TOO! I HEARD MARLA SAY THAT HE HADN'T BEEN INVITED, BUT SHE DIDN'T WANT TO START ANYTHING BY HAVING HIM PUT OUT!
THAT'S RIGHT. I SAW HIM HERE EARLIER, TOO!
NOW IT BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE TO MR. MALONE. GET OUT A PICK-UP ON VIC STONE FOR QUESTIONING. THEN REPORT BACK DOWN TOWN. I'M GOING TO STICK AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE TO SEE THAT HE DOESN'T COME BACK AND TRY TO CARRY HIS REVENGE ANY FURTHER... BY HARMING MR. KINCAID'S DAUGHTER!

EVERYONE'S GONE HOME, SIR. I HAVE THE LIST YOU REQUESTED, DETECTIVE O'NEAL. SHALL I TURN OUT THE JACK-O-LANTERNS IN THE GARDEN, NOW?
BETTER LEAVE THEM ON FOR A WHILE, CROFT. I MAY WANT TO LOOK AROUND OUT THERE SOME MORE


I'M GOING TO CHECK ON MARLA AND THEN TURN IN, DETECTIVE O'NEAL. IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE IN THE FIRST BEDROOM ON YOUR RIGHT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.
I'LL HANG AROUND UNTIL THEY PICK UP STONE. IF HE'S NUTS ENOUGH TO STICK A KNIFE INTO CONOVER OVER THIS ENGAGEMENT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT ELSE MIGHT OCCUR TO HIM.

TELEPHONE FOR YOU IN THE LIBRARY, DETECTIVE O'NEAL...
THANKS CROFT


A PROWL CAR SPOTTED STONE AT EIGHTH AND GLENWOOD? THAT'S RIGHT IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. STILL HANGING AROUND, AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE'LL TRY SOMETHING SOON. YEAH... OKAY, THANKS... YEAH, I'LL WATCH FOR HIM.

YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, CROFT. IT'S GETTING LATE...
I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO SLEEP WITH STONE ROAMING AROUND HERE. I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOUR CONVERSATION..

THOSE LANTERNS OUT BACK, SIR... SHOULDN'T I EXTINGUISH THEM NOW? THEY LIGHT UP THE BACK OF THE HOUSE AND IF STONE WERE HANGING AROUND OUT THERE IN THE PARK, WITH A GUN, AND ONE OF US SHOWED HIMSELF AT THE WINDOWS... AS YOU WERE DOING WHEN I CALLED YOU TO THE PHONE..

LAWBREAKERS

I SEE YOUR POINT. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND THEY'D SHOW MIM UP IF HE TRIED TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE THROUGH THE GARDEN... NO, I THINK WE'LL LEAVE THEM ON FOR THE TIME BEING.
JUST AS YOU SAY, SIR.
CRIPES, YOU'D THINK THAT GUY WAS PAYING THE LIGHT BILL AROUND HERE... WELL, MAYBE HE FEELS HE SHOULD TURN THEM OFF BEFORE HE GOES TO BED
GUESS I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AROUND THE FOUNTAIN FOR THAT KNIFE...
WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE I'VE FOUND MY BOY SITTING RIGHT ON MY BACK STEPS! THIS IS THE END OF THE RIDE FOR YOU, SONNY!
...I'M THE LAW, STONE, AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR SUSPICION OF THE MURDER OF JERRY CONOVER! GET UP SLOWLY, AND PUT YOUR HANDS OUT IN FRONT OF YOU WHILE WE TRY THESE BRACELETS ON YOU FOR SIZE! MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE AND I'LL KILL YOU WHERE YOU STAND...!
I'M VIC STONE, ALL RIGHT OFFICER. BUT I DIDN'T KILL CONOVER... YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE ARRESTING ME!
YOU'VE MADE ALL THE MISTAKES THAT ARE GONNA BE MADE AROUND HERE TONIGHT, MISTER! ANYTHING YOU SAY FROM NOW ON WILL BE USED AGAINST YOU AND FOR YOUR CONVICTION... WALK AHEAD OF ME, TO THE HOUSE...

YEAH, I GOT HIM... SEND A CAR OUT RIGHT AWAY TO TAKE HIM IN.
MARLA! LISTEN, MARLA, WHATEVER THEY SAY ABOUT ME, I DIDN'T KILL JERRY CONOVER...
I... I DON'T BELIEVE YOU DID, VIC. IS HE UNDER ARREST, OFFICER?
YES. THEY'LL BE HERE FOR HIM IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES.
LISTEN, MARLA, I CAME UNINVITED TO YOUR PARTY EARLIER TONIGHT IN HOPES THAT YOU'D SEE ME LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO APOLOGIZE FOR SOME OF THE THINGS I'VE SAID, AND WISH YOU LUCK WHEN I SAW THAT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO SEE ME, I LEFT.
I DIDN'T COME BACK, AND I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH KILLING CONOVER... I SWEAR IT!
WHY DID YOU COME BACK A FEW MINUTES AGO, THEN? HOW LONG WERE YOU IN THE GARDEN? YOU CAME BACK TO GET THE KNIFE YOU HID AFTER YOU USED IT ON CONOVER, DIDN'T YOU?
NO... NO! I HEARD ABOUT CONOVER'S DEATH, AND I WANTED TO SEE MARLA TO BE SURE SHE DIDN'T THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. I...
THIS HIM, O'NEAL?
YEAH. TAKE HIM OUT TO THE CAR AND WAIT FOR ME. I WON'T BE LONG. YOU CAN COME DOWN AND TALK TO HIM FURTHER IN THE MORNING IF YOU LIKE, MISS KINCAID, BUT I WOULDN'T WASTE MUCH SYMPATHY ON HIM IF I WERE YOU. IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE HE DID IT, ALL RIGHT...
I WISH I KNEW IF YOU WERE RIGHT, DETECTIVE O'NEAL! VIC JUST DIDN'T SEEM TO ME TO BE CAPABLE OF A... A MURDER!
YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT 'EM, MISS KINCAID.
SOMETHING'S DIFFERENT AROUND HERE ALL OF A SUDDEN... WHAT IS IT...?

LAWBREAKERS

YEAH... THAT'S IT.. BUSTER FINALLY GOT TO PUT THE LANTERNS OUT. I MUST HAVE TURNED THEM OFF WHILE I WAS TALKING TO MISS KINCAID. SAY, THERE HE IS, OUT IN THE GARDEN... WHAT'S HE UP TO, NOW...?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, O'NEAL, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP! I THOUGHT YOU'D GONE WITH THE OTHER COPS...
AND YOU CAME AFTER THE LOOT THAT YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET AT ALL NIGHT, BUT COULDN'T WITH THE LIGHTS ON OUT HERE, HUH? YEAH... I SEE IT NOW... MRS. CARSTON'S PEARLS... WHY THE DEVIL DIDN'T I FIGURE THAT BEFORE?

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR ALL OF A SUDDEN, CROFT, YOU SWIPED THE PEARLS, PROBABLY WHILE YOU DANCED WITH THE CARSTON WOMAN, OR TALKED TO HER, AND HID THEM IN THE JACK-O-LANTERN 'TIL YOU COULD PICK THEM UP LATER. THEN I SUSPECT THAT YOUNG CONOVER MUST HAVE SEEN YOU PUT THEM THERE...

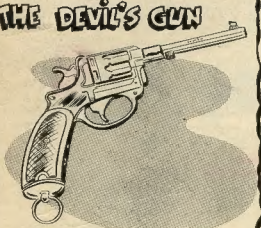
OKAY, SO YOU GOT IT FIGURED! YES, HE SAW ME, AND LATER HE TOLD ME TO RETURN THEM TO HER OR HE'D CALL THE POLICE. SO I PRETENDED TO GO ALONG WITH HIM. LATER I GOT A KNIFE FROM THE KITCHEN AND KILLED HIM. THEN CLEANED AND RETURNED THE KNIFE, AND REPORTED FINDING HIS BODY.

CAME BACK TO SEE WHAT WAS HOLDIN' YOU UP, O'NEAL, AND I SAW THIS JOKER STICKIN' YOU UP, AND...
AND YOU NEVER ARRIVED ANYWHERE AT A MORE OPPORTUNE MOMENT IN YOUR LIFE, BUSTER!
THE END

LAW BREAKERS

SUSPENSE STORY

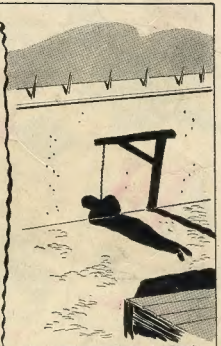
THE DEVIL'S GUN



CAN A GUN RETAIN A DEVIL'S SPELL AND CAUSE ***MURDER*** PRACTICALLY BECAUSE IT WILLS IT?

SUCH A CASE OCCURRED SIX YEARS AGO IN LOUISIANA WHEN A REVOLVER OF FRENCH MANUFACTURE FIGURED IN SEVEN DIFFERENT AND UNCONNECTED MURDERS.

LAU MORREY



AT LAST FOUND IN A DRIED UP STREAM, POLICE BALLISTICS PROVED IT WAS THE WEAPON USED IN EACH OF THE SEVEN CASES. EACH NEW OWNER, WHETHER HE OR SHE BOUGHT OR FOUND THE GUN, HAD EMPLOYED IT TO KILL AND HAD BEEN CAUGHT AND HANGED.

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You Learn at Home by Practicing with Kits I Send

Do you want a good pay job, a bright future, security? Want your own business? Then get into the fast growing RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Keep your job while learning. Hundreds I've trained are successful Radio-Television technicians. Learn Radio-Television principles from my illustrated lessons; get practical experience from kits sent.

I Trained These Men

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"4 months after enrolling, was able to service Radios. Averaged $10 to $15 a week spare time."—W. Weyde, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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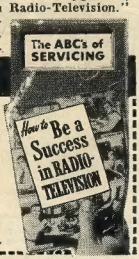
Many of my students make $5, $10 extra a week in spare time fixing neighbors' Radios. Mail coupon for actual lesson and 64-pg. book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." J. E. Smith, Pres., National Radio Inst., Dept. 2MK3, Washington 9, D. C.



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The ring for smart men! Electro **GOLD PLATED** in 14 Karat. Your own **INITIAL** in handsome Gothic lettering on raised GOLD color effect **HIGH RAISED** SOLID sparkling simulated **RUBY** flanked on a sparkling simulated **DIAMONDS** imported from Europe! An outstanding ring by 2 **PSEUDO DIAMONDS** imported from Europe! An outstanding ring ... desired Initial. Mention letter desired. Time **BARGAIN**. Mention initial on Order! and size (a thin paper strip will do). **No. 401**. Bargain price, no extras **3.48**

"LOYALE" SET

10 glistening brilliants to resemble diamonds are featured in famous **LOYALE** Wedding Ring set. Gorgeous gold color! So fashionable! **Compare!** Order by No. **396**. Both for **2.94**

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What a wrist watch! It's simply amazing! It's a **4-IN-1** stop watch and chronograph **COMBINED**. Precision made by Swiss artisans.

11 — Wonder Features — 11

It's a tachometer, telemeter, **DOUBLE PUSH BUTTON STOP WATCH**. Measures speed as well as **DISTANCES** of horse and auto races, sports, planes, boats, etc. Actually has **SPLIT-SECOND** calibrations, unbreakable crystal, sweep second hand, rich looking case that withstands long and hard usage! Everyone wants one! **Students, soldiers, engineers, aviators, race fans, sportsmen, photographers, and all men of action!** A wonderful timekeeper — the watch that is **different**! Full instructions given. **UNLIMITED GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE** exclusive of parts with every watch. Never a charge for skilled labor repairs. Order by No. **236**. **6.95**

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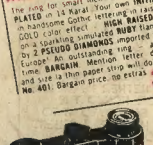
Heavy Weight! Beautiful NATURAL GOLD COLOR effect. Has one big Pseudo Diamond with 4 smaller on sides. Rich princess' design. Smart & wealthy looking. Order by No. 357. Only 2.97

Ruby ARMY Ring

SOLID SILVER BIG! HEAVY

A wonderful ring for that boy in service! Extra **HEAVY! BIG! STERLING SILVER! Big, simulated RUBY in center. Super value! Order quick by No. 199. Only 3.95**

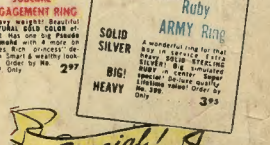


Tiny Midget Camera TAKES SECRET PICTURES

- Fits in palm of hand
- Only 2 x 3 inches
- Easy to use!
- Takes dandy pictures!

1.39

TINY MIDGET CAMERA — only 2 x 3 inches! Easily concealed in palm of your hand! **HOW!** Take **SECRET** pictures without being seen! Get dandy jumbo pictures, size 2 x 3 inches, also **Kodak COLOR** pictures and beautiful enlargements. Lightweight but sturdy. Carry with you always! Take pictures at sports events, school affairs, accidents, your friends and family! Loads of fun. **EASY!** Just aim and shoot! Nothing complicated! **GUARANTEED** to satisfy or full price back! Order by No. **32**. Price only **1.39**



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Exquisite **GLAMOUR** watch set with 2 large, beautiful **BIRTHMONTH** deeptone color stones, full of fire and brilliancy! 50 Pseudo **DIAMONDS** placed all around, sparkle with heavenly effect. **Conditional GUARANTEE** certificate and Gift Box given. Tell us **MONTH** of birth when ordering! Order by No. **249**. Your bargain price — **NO EXTRAS** — only **8.75**

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7.98

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New! ART SIMULATION OF **$850 Platinum** BOTH YOURS **$5.00**

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